

DOLLS



DOLLS

no. 8

LOOKING FOR A BUNDLE OF BEAUTY,
A SATCHEL OF STORIES
AND A WAGONLOAD OF WIT?
THIS IS IT!

\$3.99
15



ADULTS ONLY



DOLLS & DOLLS

NUMBER EIGHT

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DATE
NIGHT
FOR
AN
ART
NUDE



Teri Deoreau likes to call herself a "wild Irish rose," and some of her friends agree that it's a good idea. She's an unashamed beauty, lives in Greenwich Village, likes a go-go and progressive jazz, up art and above all—personal freedom, all the way.







Terri is quick to point out that there are a lot of first-rate, serious artists in "The Village" and she has posed in the nude for many of them.

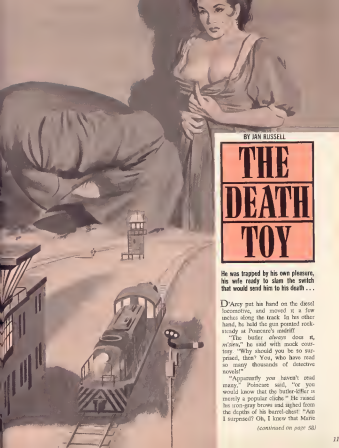
Tom has serious ambitions to be an artist, and attends art classes that are conducted by several artists who have made it to the top. Meantime, she earns her tuition and living by taking modeling assignments for live and photographic jobs. When this girl works, she's serious; but when it is time for fun and relaxation, she is just as intense, living every moment to the fullest! She's a favorite at the coffee houses and swinging clubs in the Village, and most who know her believe she'll become a top artist.







D'Arcy didn't shoot. He chapped
one blow into Finmore's middle
and the older man gasped with pain.



BY IAN RUSSELL

THE DEATH TOY

He was trapped by his own pleasure,
his wife ready to slam the switch
that would send him to his death . . .

D'Arcy put his hand on the diesel locomotive, and moved it a few inches along the track. In his other hand, he held the gun pointed rock-steady at Ponceiro's midriff.

"The butler always does it, *señor*," he said with mock courtesy. "Why should you be so surprised, then? You, who have read so many thousands of detective novels!"

"Apparently you haven't read many," Ponceiro said, "for you would know that the butler-lefter is mainly a popular cliché." He raised his iron-gray brows and sighed from the depths of his barrel-chest. "Am I surprised? Oh, I know that Marie

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TOMBOY TEMPTRESS



Jackie Durrant is her name, and she is as free as the birds. This gal likes an unfenced pasture, and she admits she is a tomboy, but it led her into a very unusual occupation—patio decorator.





Jackie bought a house on a beach and decorated the place just the way she had dreamed of—in what she calls “early beaching” style. When friends began to ask her help in decorating their own places, Jackie found herself so much in demand, she just went commercial. Much of the decor is “natural” findings, such as the driftwood, unusual shells and items washed up on beaches. All this takes a lot of time to get together, but Jackie is a sea lover and loves the hours in the sun, just wandering, while she looks for treasured items.





NEW RULES FOR LOVERS

By Jeff Starling

LOVE AND MARRIAGE RULES AT THIS STAGE OF THE GAME ARE CHANGING SO FAST THAT IT'S HARD TO TELL THE AMATEURS

When 31-year old Doctor of Theology, the Reverend Frederick C. Wood, Jr., Episcopal Chaplain of Goucher College for Women in Baltimore, stood up before the undergraduate body of that select private institution for learning in the autumn of 1964, he must have known when he opened his mouth that he was putting his foot in it.

However, as a man of spiritual and intellectual integrity, having something to get off his manly chest, the young minister, happily married and the father of three young daughters, went right ahead and said it to his audience.

"From the structure of the human organism as male and female to every conceivable act of sexual expression, sexuality itself is good," he bravely began.

Then he added, "There is nothing bad or dirty or perverted about it. It is simply good."

At this point, the more knowledgeable and experienced among his listeners must have been wondering what text he'd been reading.

Undoubtedly, parallel conclusions occurred to a large percentage of the Reverend Dr. Wood's all-gel congregation as he went on to tell, among other pertinent observations, "To say this, is not to say that pre-marital intercourse is 'bad' or 'dirty.' Indeed, it can be very beautiful . . ."

Moments later, he added an unequivocal opinion to the effect that, "Sex is fun . . ."

Other high points of Dr. Wood's sermon included the following—

"Not only is sex fun—it is also funny. Like the play of a child, which is freely expressed and created, sex is also playful. And this means there are no laws attached to sex. I repeat—absolutely no laws."

"There is nothing which you ought to do or ought not to do. There are no rules of the game, so to speak. Anyone who tells you that there are, may be guilty of mistaking social and cultural custom for divine sanction, or for what is sometimes called 'natural law.'"

"We all ought to relax and stop feeling guilty about our sexual activities, thoughts and desires. And I mean that, whether those thoughts are heterosexual, homosexual or asexual . . ."

As a windup for this blockbuster, Dr. Wood concluded, "The good news of the Gospel which has been delivered to me is that we have been freed from such laws as exclusive codes of behavior—freed to act responsibly according to a higher law."

"If you will, this is the law of love!"

While as of this writing Dr. Wood remains chaplain of Goucher College, neither he nor the college administrators was slow to discover that, no matter what Gospel had been delivered to Dr. Wood, sex was still a very dirty word indeed, to large numbers of parents, other churchmen and, after the story broke in the Baltimore Sun, to sundry members of the populace at large—laymen and professionalists alike.

While socially progressive folk of

all sexes and ages will say a heartfelt Amen to Dr. Wood's brave, if not exactly new, words. It is quite probable that a majority of our country's adult citizenry not only finds all sexual doctrine a touchy subject, but, coming freshly from a winner of the Episcopal Cloth and addressed to an audience of unmarried young women of marriageable age, finds it horrifying.

No laws—no rules? Then what in hell was Dad dishing out when he decanted on stumbling freshmen about the flowers, the bees and the birds? Or Mother, when she assailed all those wannabes about sitting with her knees wide apart, to maturing little Jane?

Unfortunately or otherwise, the world is booty-trapped with more law, written and otherwise, concerning the learning and practice of sex, than it is of local rules that treat of the proper scoring of a game of basketball, known as some semi-literate males as twenty-two.

Many adult infamytramps who poked their way assuringly through the meadows of Salinas or Chinua Beach have repeatedly, and to their continuing sorrow, fallen short of true booty traps of cancer and

legality, more difficult of interpretation and more inductive of error and misdeeds than courtesy. Sunday school lives in a local option state west of the Appalachians.

There exist commonwealths in this scarcely added union in which a husband who admits to an act of marital infidelity and is permitted to return to the nuptial couch, is thereby insulated against any subsequent legal action on the part of his presumably forgiving spouse.

In other states, notably Nevada and California, where incompatibility of temperament is held sufficient reason to render a couple that God, or

at least a J.P., has joined together in legal matrimony, a case of chronic bickering on the part of either member of the marital team, is held good reason for a divorce.

Yet in New York, apart from desertion, which involves a seven-year wait, only adultery suffices for a legal split. Adultery ought in the act, at that, a messy piece of legal trickery that has created the profession of paid co-respondents and made perjurers out of hundreds of thousands of presumably upright citizens who are either unable or unwilling to make the long trek to Reno or Las Vegas.

(Continued on Page 63)



Ingrid Bergman's career didn't suffer while having an extra-marital romance.



Charlie Chaplin, king of the pantomime comic, shown in early movie. When he was involved in a paternity suit, the courts and the fans thought it scandalous.

TWO PRIVATE EYEFULS



THE FRONT DOOR IS ANYTHING BUT EXCITING: A GRAY SLAB WITH PLAIN, BLACK LETTERING. YOU READ THE WORDS "GROGAN DETECTIVE AGENCY" AND TURN THE KNOB CAUTIOUSLY, EXPECTING TO CONFRONT A RUDDY, CIGAR SMOKER WHO WEARS HIS HAT INDOORS. YOU'RE STARTLED TO FIND YOURSELF IN A PLEASANT, NICELY FURNISHED ROOM, COMPLETE WITH PINK DRAPERIES, AND TWO OF THE PRETTIEST GIRLS YOU'VE EVER SEEN.





YOU SOON DISCOVER THAT THERE REALLY ISN'T ANY GOGAN—ONLY TOSY GROVER AND BETH GAYN. THEY'RE TWO VERY CLEVER GIRL DETECTIVES WHO GUARANTEE RESULTS—LIVING PROOF THAT EVEN THE MOST SERIOUS BUSINESS CAN BE MIXED WITH A BIT OF PLEASURE.







THE GUILTY INNOCENTS

By Rick Sargent

The kids looked innocent enough until Mike removed their masks and found them to be animals, but he wasn't sure about the girl—nor himself, at the end.

The gas station attendant, known as Mike Smith paid little attention to the young couple in the black Lincoln Continental with California li-

cense plates. They seemed like nice kids on a honeymoon. The boy seemed particularly interested in the fact that he knew this corner of the Washington timber country so well. "I grew up around here," Mike explained.

"You must know a lot of back roads, eh?" the kid asked. "Ways a guy could get close to the Canadian border without being a damn fool?"

The question struck Mike as strange, but he saw no harm in answering. "Well, yes, I suppose it could be done." He glanced at the pump. "Two-fifty on the gas."

The kid reached for what Mike

thought was a wallet instead his hand came out holding a snub nosed revolver. "Get in, buddy. You're going to be our guide."

The girl in the car with him was a snaky looking young blonde. She wore cream-colored jeans and a black T-shirt scooped out at the shoulders. Her breasts were large and nicely shaped.

Mike then realized these kids were he Tom Karsten and Marcelle Williams. Tom was wanted for a jailbreak three days ago in Yakima, both were wanted for armed robbery.

Carefully, Karsten opened the door

"Come on, baby, show the man how much you love me," Karsten said.



and stepped out of the car, the gun steady on Mike. "Macey, baby, you drove. I'll sit in the back and keep this guy covered."

"Swing, sweet daddy?" Macey said and slid under the wheel. She laughed happily.

Kenton jerked the gun to one side. "Now, you, get in."

With no alternative in sight, Mike walked around the car. Kenton was close behind him.

Mike accepted the irony of the situation as he had come to accept many ironies in his life. He had arrived in this area three days earlier than he'd anticipated and took the

job at the small, remote gas station up hill in the time until he was to meet Abe Slotkin. Abe was bringing him money and a passport. They were to meet at Crawford's Crossing, an abandoned mining camp, somewhere morning at seven o'clock. It now appeared he wasn't going to be there.

Mike was in his early thirties. The last year especially had aged him. He looked at least forty. He was six-foot one-inch tall, of medium build, and had the deep tan that comes with labor in the outdoors. His shoulders were a little round—a carry-over from his former profession of ac-

To stay within fifteen miles of Crawford's Crossing, Mike directed Macey so that she drove in a large circular course. He knew this ploy was so hot they'd never get close to the Canadian border.

Without much hope, he said, "Look, you're not wanted for anything serious yet. But get caught with me and you face a kidnapping charge. Let me out here and I'll keep quiet. You're got enough hanging over you, and I don't want to be involved."

Macey laughed. "Kidnapping? So who's worried about one more charge? Besides, Tom's too smart to let them catch us."

"Watch a few old movies on television and see what happens to people who think that."

Suddenly, Marcy told him, "Man, we're not like those crooks on television. Tom's got it figured. We got up to Canada, we're going to cool it. When the money runs low, boys—we drop down to the States and knock over a bank or supermarket and cut right back to Canada."

"Banks? Supermarkets?" Mike said smiling. "You're getting pretty big boys."

"Hey, man," Kintou said, "you getting wise?"

Smugly Mike answered, "No, not at all, but you've never tried anything bigger than a gas station."

"Ah, that stuff—just practice," Marcy said, "just practice, man, that's all. But from now on, it's strictly big time. Ain't that right, Tom-cat?"

"Yeah," Kintou said, "that's the score."

Kintou was in a talkative mood now and told Mike about some of his clever, daring heists. Mike

wasn't impressed. He'd heard a thousand better songs sung to the same tune. His attention picked up suddenly when Kintou began talking about his pullback in Yukon.

"There was this little guy in the next cell, see, and I offered to break him out too, but he wasn't having any. You know what they had this jerk for? Nothing. Not a damn thing. He stayed in some fleabag hotel and somebody noticed he had a load of money and tipped the cops. They pulled him in and it turns out he was nothing. Then some cop remembers this guy—Abe Sheen—was buddy-buddy with Fast Motion—"

Mike jerked up straight in the seat. The two stories had hit him hard as bullets.

"—And at first they figure the money's part of the routine bucks Motion embezzled. Man, they question this baldheaded little weasel all night, and then they check and find out it's a false alarm. He owns this sleazy car lot or something and the money's legit. They still had him there when I took off."

Mike tried to pretend he'd paid no more attention to that than to any of the others, but it had shaken him badly. Abe and he had been friends since childhood. And now, because Abe had agreed to help him, he was in a mess. Mike could well imagine the sleazy, stooped little man sweating under police questioning. By now, they undoubtedly knew about the rendezvous at Crowded's Crossing. Had he not been kidnapped by Kintou, he would have walked into a slabcut.

It was becoming dark now and Mike felt more confidence in his ability to outsmart them. And as the shock diminished, he began working out a desperate plan.

"Looks like some deserted shack up ahead there," Mike said, looking over his shoulder at Kintou. "How about spending the night there?"

"Not a chance," Marcy answered. "We're going straight to the border."

Kintou however, looked contemplative. "No, I think the guy's got something. It won't do us no harm to wait a few hours."

Soon after they were out of the car, Marcy took some cans of pork and beans from the trunk and started a fire.

Heating Mike along with the gas, Kintou strolled a short distance away to look at the sheer cliff that plunged several thousand feet into the darkness. When he saw what Marcy was doing, he stalked back to her and kicked out the fire. "You stupid broad! You waste every cop in the state here!"

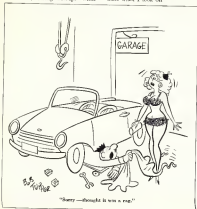
"Okay, okay." She seemed about to cry.

Sitting on the rocky steps of one of the four shacks, they ate the beans cold.

An hour passed in virtual silence.

Kintou nervously walked in circles as though he didn't know what to do with himself. Suddenly he grinned at Marcy. He walked over and stepped close in front of her. "Hey, sweet baby, how about it?"

Marcy winced and looked down at the white toes of her tennis shoes. She seemed embarrassed. But as though she knew better than to argue, she said very softly, "Okay—come on inside." She started to stand up



"Sherry —thought it was a rag."

Kirsten put her hand on her shoulder, slapping her back down. "What, and leave our guest all alone? No, baby, I insist just stay where you are."

Marcy looked at Mike and then back to Kirsten. "I won't. Not with him watching."

Kirsten pinched her cheek hard enough to hurt. "Oh, come on, show the man how much you love me."

"No, Tom."

Visciously, he put his thumb under her nose and poked it upward. "Don't give me that crap. I want you—now!"

Quickly, Mike said, "Look, if you want some privacy, I'll go outside one of the trucks, lock the door or something."

"You do nothing, man, nothing, except sit and watch. You got that?" Kirsten slapped Marcy across the face. "Come on, baby, get with it."

Scared and pale, Marcy obeyed him.

When it was over, Kirsten grabbed a Mike. "See, man, you got to trust 'em to do what you want when you want it—*you* dig?"

"She's trained all right," Mike admitted.

Marcy, covering her face with her hands and crying, ran to the edge of the clearing and out of sight. Kirsten laughed at the sobbing sounds from the darkness.

After a few minutes, Kirsten ordered her to come back and guard Mike.

He hugged her and kissed her forehead. "You're the greatest! Still love me?"

She looked up at him. "Sure, Tom. I— I'm okay now."

Kirsten handed her the gun and walked off to sleep in the car.

When Kirsten began snoring, Mike looked at the girl. She sat on a barrel cage but at least of her, the gun riding on her knee. "It was a pretty nice thing of him to make you do this. I'm sorry but you saw I had no choice about watching."

"Aw, what the hell," Marcy said, "I don't mind."

"Do you love him?"

"You're damn right I do."

"Why?"

"Because he's the toughest, hardest, all men I ever met. He's got guts, you know. Real guts. He's not afraid of anything."

"Just as long as he has a gun."

"Sure it, man, I know better. He's sold all the way."

Mike took another truck and asked how she'd gotten mixed up with Kirsten.

Marcy told him she'd hated the college her parents sent her to, and she had started hanging around with a swinging, tough crowd to annoy them. It didn't annoy them—they didn't even notice it. Not, at least, until she brought Kirsten down from her room to breakfast one morning. Her mother had ordered him out of the house and Marcy went with him. Neither had any money, and that night they'd knocked over the first of many gas stations. Marcy's job had been to park half a block away and pick up Tom after he'd gotten the money. Only once, when Tom took too long and she'd driven into the station to pick him up, had she actually been identified.

When she finished, Mike said "Listen to me, Marcy. You're not in very deep yet. Tom's in, but you aren't. With your parents' help, you could probably get off with a year or two, if that. But stay with this kid, and you'll wind up doing a murder rap. Believe me, I know. I've seen this same kid with a dozen different faces."

Marcy sneered. "I'll bet. You've probably never been more than fifty yards from that dumb gas station."

Mike gave her a grin, little smile and shook his head. "Marcy, the man's not Mike Smith. It's Paul Martin."

"You, Paul Martin? Don't make me laugh! Tell me you're Batsman, maybe."

Quickly he told her how he had been framed for embezzlement and sent to prison. Three years had turned him better. He started talking escape and soon found an older con who plotted the break with him. They made it over the wall only to find a guard with a shotgun confronting them. Mike had raised his hands in surrender, but his partner

grabbed the guard and cut his throat. "That makes me just as guilty of murder as if I'd done it. I'm wanted for murder. I know what it feels like to be hunted, Marcy, and I know now that escaping is the biggest mistake a man can make. In a few years, I'd have gotten out on parole, but I couldn't wait. I've no choice but to keep going until they get me. But you do have a choice, Marcy. For God's sake, get away from Kirsten—*give yourself up*."

"Man, you're out of your skull! Tom loves me."

"Hey, knock it off! I'm trying to stop!"

Before Marcy could stop him, Mike called out, "We were talking about you."

Kirsten quickly climbed out of the car. He walked toward them like a bear outraged at having an interference disturbed. "Oh, yeah? And what you got to say about me?"

"Nothing, darling," Marcy told him. "Go on back and get some sleep."

"I wouldn't say it was nothing," said Mike. "I remarked that without a gun you were a coward."

Kirsten's mouth dropped open, his eyes seeming to bulge even more than usual.

"I said, without the gun you were a coward!" Mike stood up, hands still on his sides but ready. "Come on, Kirsten, prove I'm wrong."

Kirsten ran at him, his arms up like chicken wings, but his huge legs were closed like two sledgehammers. He swung first one, then the other, in hard, vicious arcs.

Mike easily danced out of range. He knew he was playing a dangerous game. If Kirsten ever landed one of those awkward blows, it could cure in a man's chest. And he knew Kirsten might try to wrestle him. If the heavy kid ever got a good hold on Mike, he might not stop.

Mike also knew his own limitations. Prison contests taught him he was a fast, but far from great, boxer. He moved in fast and light and landed a left to the forehead and was out of range before Kirsten threw a hard right.

He weaved and bobbed as Kirsten threw a steady series of steady punch-

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The Candid Side of Candy



Interesting Candy Nelson is one of the sweetest jobs in the world, if one could even call it a job. Candy is an alert, frank, young lady who incidentally, measures a cool 38 — 25 — 36. Our first question was: what are the three things you like most? Her reply: "Life, love, and to pursue!" "Of happiness?" we asked. "No, just the pursuit," she laughed.







Concerning her first embarrassing moment, a question we like to ask all the girls, Candy filled us in on this interesting bit. "I was very embarrassed one time at a swimming pool. I was wearing a bikini and I love to dive off the high board. When I hit, my feet came clear off!"





On the subject of men: "I like a man to be attentive, but not a pest, and I don't like phonies. I won't fall for a line, but I do admire a man who's honest with me." On women, Candy told us: "Catty women are a drag, but I've found that most women are sincere with me. I like sophisticated girls, those who are not afraid to stand up to men." Sophisticated is candy Candy!

HOLLYWOOD



IN TOWN OR BUST?

By Alan Samson



Some writers would have you believe that finishtown is one big taffy pull and outdoor cocktail. Oh yeah? Just get a load of this!

To read the endless stories about young, married screen stars in the fun magazines, life in Hollywood, away from the cameras, consists of endless taffy-pulls, cocktail-outs and home video-camera achievements in-

terrupted by limonade parties complete with charades.

To read the more serious articles about Hollywood home life (serious in the sense that they are artfully designed to present an "image"

CBS

of the screen capital in close accord with national lower-middle-class morality), these same couples do everything offshore together, including impromptu "acting" duets all over the Los Angeles area in an effort to increase their artistic status.

What about the well hallowed (and hollowed) tradition of angles and the studio casting couches on which prospective actresses give their all for cinema success?

Such useful practices have long gone the way of the klieg light, the hand-cranked camera and Cecil B. DeMille. Or so they say.

Hollywood, they tell us, is today a serious place. Faced with collapsing studios, TV competition, run-away productions and improved foreign films, the screen capital no longer has room for the frivolous,

or the carefully groomed gut of the lover of her much-divorced mother, a film star. So a ho-man film idol is forced into rapid marriage with his agent's secretary lest word of his homosexual activities be believed by John Q. Public.

Oh well, say the image-builders, it must be remembered that these people live under extraordinary pressures, and some of them need extraordinary outlets now and then. Hollywood today is not like that at all. It's a hard-working place, too hard-working for the centerer to long survive.

Okay, that's what they say for public consumption. The reality is something else again — something a lot closer to the old silent-film Hollywood that made more headlines with its offscreen doings than it did via its super-colossal.



the frolicsome — to say nothing of the random sex-pleasures on which much of its glamour was built.

So a television star gets trapped by police parading in the nude and brandishing a marijuana cigarette at a rooftop party frequented by sexually clad and equipped revelers of both sexes. So a young woman sticks a lethal carving knife

Listen to what one young veteran writer, long a major-studio assistant director, has to say. Let's call him Barry, because that is not his name, and he wants to continue working in pictures.

"You know what a first is?" he asks. "In most places, it means putting up a facade to keep up with the Joneses. But not out here.

"Here a first is a guy like me — or the sort of guy I was when I was hanging around a studio trying to get a break. I played the first bit plenty of times. All it means is that you appear in public with the girl some director or producer is sleeping with.

"He doesn't want it known — maybe he's married or heavily involved with some babe who can hurt his reputation. So he has somebody like me take the girl out. Then, he wanders into the saloon, stag, sees us and joins me because he knows me. You can guess who goes home with the babe, though."

Barry agreed that this sort of assignment can be frustrating at times — especially when the girl involved is not only stacked, but ready, willing and able. Since his job depends upon keeping his hands off, the first usually spends a miserable evening.

Yet he is the man linked with the babe's by the gossip columnists.

"Once in awhile you get a break, though," Barry went on. "Like the night I fronted for a couple of directors at a ball game in Chavez Ravine. They were dolls, too — both of them.

"Their real dates were supposed to pick them up in the box about the eighth inning and take them to a prearranged halfway. They showed up, all right — but just as they headed toward us, a circus columnist spotted them and headed for them. They went right by the girls as if they had never heard of them for fear of being written up.

"Were those girls sore? They were so sore, in fact, that they went home with me — both of them. That's one night I like to remember. For once, the poor first got away with the goodies."

The first technique is one notorious scandal-wary Hollywood bigwig employs to avoid the glare and blast of publicity in the wrong places — as well as to keep the latter-day Hollywood image relatively spotless.

According to Barry, they have others as well.

"You remember that Jack Larnson-Shirley MacLaine movie, *The*

Apartment?" he continued. "The one where all the big-shots where he worked used his apartment for their extra-curricular lawmaking? Well, for a while I was in almost the same spot. I had a place near the studio, and the boys used it the same way."

"The thing that used to get me down was that none of them ever had the guts to come right out and say what they wanted it for. They'd tell me they wanted the place for a couple of hours so they could study a script away from studio interference — or hold a lunch-truth conference — or maybe just for a sorely needed, undisturbed nap."

"They knew what they wanted it for, I know what they wanted it for, they knew I know what they wanted it for — but they always came up with the same stock alibi. Then they always slipped a ten or twenty under the clock on the mantelpiece."

"I got so I thought they were all phonies."

In days of yore, before such pampering became the order of the day, the two major sources of supply for screen executives in search of compliant ladies were Hollywood madams Lee Frances and the late Sid Grauman, whose chorus lines at his two theaters, the Chinese and the Egyptian, were always available to the bigwigs.

The old Drake Hotel on Hollywood Boulevard was the chief reason for meretricious anonymous activity, and nobody gave much of a damn, because sex was an accepted part of the Hollywood image, both onscreen and off.

Today, while women are better than ever, those who make them are supposed to live like the couple who did in suburbia — a lot more circumspectly in most cases. Lee Frances has long since retired from the field, Sid Grauman is dead, the old Drake, like Hollywood itself, has run down to anonymous shabbiness under another name.

As a rule, the free-wheeling call-girls who cater to Los Angeles upper-crust sex whimsies are not favored by the film bigwigs.

Why not?

"Because," Barry explained, "the boys are afraid of them. They have no control over them. In the old days, they knew a Lee Frances or a Sid Grauman could keep the girls in line. They weren't afraid of being blackmailed or bullied for parts by babes they had slept with."

"In the latter days of the big studio, there were always the starlets. Every studio kept a bevy of these subtle young beauties under contract. They paid them in peanuts. Seventy-five to one-and-a-quarter a week was the average starlet contract — and the options came up every six months. If a girl didn't play ball, she was dropped. And once they got a taste of big-studio prestige, that was a fate worse than a-huh-worse-than-death, if you dig me . . . ?"

With the collapse of the major

studio in Frank Sinatra. And this outrageous entertainment policy has always been one of safety in numbers. His low-life has been so frenetic over several decades that any girl who goes with him knows he is one of a large and colorful parade.

However, few filmmakers possess the vitality and stamina of this phenomenal creature. And today, even Sinatra is beginning to show symptoms of wear and tear. He can hardly go on forever.

Who will follow him?

Who knows?

But it's a safe bet there will continue to be sex in Hollywood as long as there are thousands of beautiful newcomers every year eager to do anything that will get them footage in films or TV.



"Who was that masked man?"

studio, set in the film industry has become pretty much a catch-as-catch-can affair. But it still goes on, as often if not as comfortably as before, even though it has been technically ruled out of the film capital image.

About the only big star who still lives it up in the high, wide, handsome, devil-may-care tradition of

And don't blame the man. After all, they're human, too. Just don't believe everything you read in the fan or other magazines about Hollywood as a place your maiden aunt Aggie would find as honey as a plate of her own rum-and-ginger cookies.

They still swing in Hollywood — no matter how the press agents try to convince the world they don't.



Michelle Lardner is an ardent enthusiast of the "bigger cars," though she can't an active auto driver as them. This gal is a model who suddenly became the pin-up gal of a Southern California hotrod club. She found it an exciting spectator sport, and works actively for the club as secretary.



HOTRODDERS' PIN-UP





Rochelle lives in Panama, California and since her become one of racing's wildest enthusiasts, she can often be found at the big new Riverside Racetrack, in nearby Riverside, watching some of the scintillating, exciting stock car races. When Rochelle dates, however, she invites her date drive under the speed limits, at speed scares her









COMEDY IS BIG



A look at the top-ranked funny-men of the entertainment business reveals a startling fact: with notable exceptions, most of them are frustrated, become-betters, dope addicts, or at the least—extreme hypochondriacs. And—all of them have the same belief—that he alone is the king of the comics.

The notable exceptions are Jack Benny, Red Skelton and Bob Hope. Most of the others seem to fit the image of insecure, egotistical clowns who fancy themselves as Pigmies, the tragic figure—the court jester who constantly berates his lot in life.

Take a look at a few. Lennie Bruce, of the daily mouth, constantly in trouble with the law—not just for his foul language, generously sprinkled with four-letter words, but for possession of narcotics. Then there is probably the sharpest satirist to come along in fifty years—Oscar Levant, whose every waking moment is a nightmare of fearfully-taken pills, injections, and a series of visits to

neurotists. Then there is Edie Bernick, neurotic, sensitive—labeled behind-the-scenes workaholic, club and theater, for his endless various tirades against these work methods. On a national TV set Bernick discussed everything he knew of mysticism and suicide, did a telephone ring backstage during his act on stage. That he lost real friends is undeniable, yet he never seemed able to stop himself and goes merrily on his way, public being funny—yet constantly berating the audience with personal accusations against other show business persons, or more than boring scores of his child's guests.

That comics have long been beat-and-better for psychanalysts is well documented, but one of the comics who has not chosen to take his problems for a check-up, typifies the rest of the big name comics. Numbly — Glenca, The Great.

But Jackie Gleason, co-burlesque

BUSINESS

BY SCOTT RAIMY / MOST FUNNYMEN SEEM SIMPLE HUMANS WITH A TALENT FOR MAKING FUNNY FACES OR FUNNY NUMBERS. BUT IT USUALLY TURNS OUT THAT THEY HAVE MANY HIDDEN TALENTS AND HUMAN FAULTS. ONE THING THEY ALL HAVE IS A KING-SIZE EGO

come, now a long-time favorite of television fans, is a contradiction, in many ways. The most asked question of Gleason, by fans and press alike, is "Do you really have beer in that trunk, when you're on camera?" The answer is, yes. Though Gleason makes little effort to hide it, a couple of reporters, frustrated at finding out that the "boozing" stage of Dean Martin was just a gimmick, lined out for themselves Gleason lined up at a hefty shot of booze during his monologue sessions, or while talking to guests.

But in his private life, Gleason is more hard to figure than in his many-faceted roles on TV, from Joe the Barber to The Poor Soul.

Now 50, Gleason drinks straight Scotch like it was going out of style, both on and off stage. He believes sincerely, that he is the world's top comic—but that isn't all. He also feels he is a leading dramatic actor (which he has proven), writer (he writes a lot of his own material), pillar (which he is not), designer (he often designs sets, costumes, even buildings), drinker (most of his comies can drink him under the table), musician and conductor (his Jackie Gleason albums like *Mame* for *Love Only*, have sold in the millions), and non-vivrant (he has opinions on everything), and is a regular at *Travis Shorr's*, where the "in"-crowd of show has hung out, in New York.

Here's the oddity—in music, for example, Gleason tries to pass himself off as a king-sized Leonid Brezhnev, but he cannot read music nor play an instrument. In spite of this, he has written some five tunes, including the theme of his weekly TV show. He hangs at the piano with one hand only, and when he is "on"—that is, performing (it takes only an audience of one to put Gleason "on")—he makes amazing strides, as he "composes."

"I wanted to write a drinking song," he will say dreamily, "but I



Jackie Gleason, king of the "mad" comies, is welcomed to Miami by Gleason's Karisti Troop, 1964 Miss Universe. He moved close to Miami.

never get past the first two bars." Or he will explain his theory thus: "You feel in the dumps, and this broad comes by, with the sunlight behind her, and she has no slip on —" he fiddles with a couple of bright notes—"so you write music to fit the mood." And, strangely enough, he does come up with some fun "satirical" music. He has recorded 14 albums, grossing over \$18 million (they lead the country's list on instrumental music).

Explaining it, Gleason immediately says, "I just knew what the country and the world needed. I was watching a Clark Gable movie, and I figured—if Gable needs soft, sexy music to make out with a broad—what about the poor slob from Brooklyn, in a dingy flat, with a bottle of beer and his broad?"

Gleason, some of his detractors say, is a boring, harping comical. He is a dance-chaser, yet—a devout Catholic who is separated—plays

the game by unfair rules, according to the Broadway weekly evaluations. If he wasn't a success, most Broadwayites and show biz people would shoot him like the plague. He monopolizes the conversation, the drinks, the spotlight. He steps on the lines of other comics, or personalities who seem to be getting the lion's share of attention—deliberately. Oddly, Gleason is one of the few comics who is usually "for the East." He has never been a success in any club west of Miami or New York, and his TV show gets its lowest ratings in the west and midwest. He has never scored at any of the Las Vegas casinos, or West Coast nightclubs.

He's from Brooklyn, and so successful was he on the Saturday night prime time, that he has a contract with CBS which brings him over \$3000 a week—whether he is on TV or not—so long as he does not appear on any other TV network.

(Continued on Page 66.)



A FEELING FOR PLEASURE

Mark Twain said it: "The difference between the right word and almost the right word is the difference between lightning and the lightning bug." In searching for a word to describe Dianne Peters we didn't need to consult a thesaurus or the dictionary. We just took one look at her and the correct word was on the tip of our tongue so to speak: *winsome*. According to our word guide, the word "winsome" means giving pleasure or delight. This is winsome Dianne then, who has a feeling for pleasure.





Dianne has a motto over her door that says: "By happy alchemy of mind/They turn to pleasure all they find" Matthew Green. It sums up her own philosophy. "I try to look for the good things in life, not the bad. If I find that life gets a little rough, I look for a way to find some pleasure," Dianne explains. It seems to work!







Dianne is not all pleasure-bent, that is she does not live what some may call a frivolous life. It's just that she makes her own attitude a winsome one so that others are affected by it. "And it works too," she says. "If I'm grouchy, others will be grouchy, so I try to be always pleasant." As said, winsome is the word!



In her determination to become a sex symbol, Marilyn Monroe broke some men's hearts.





Dick Haymes was just one of many dates whom Rita Hayworth divorced in her heyday.

Sex isn't always what it seems to be, and in the marriage gambit, it can prove to be a checkmate!

The Sexpot Failures

BY TED HOWARD

It was what, over the long years, has come to be called another "typical Hollywood divorce." Both the star herself and her handsome and wealthy young husband issued statements to a presumably eager press through their attorneys to the effect that they parted "good friends" and that each "entertained only the deepest respect for" the other.

You know the routine unless you confine your reading entirely to horseracing, scuba diving or treatises on higher mathematics.

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What the star involved and in confidence to her friends — oh, yes, she had two — was unbelievable. However, the gist of it was, "The stupid blankety blank didn't know anything. All he wanted to do was go to bed with me."

Thus was highly amusing on two counts — one, because the young man in question was far from stupid — two, because the star himself had been widely and successfully exploited on the movie screens of the world as a sex-god-dess in the ever-loving flesh.

Being first articulate, or at least less outspoken, than his ex-mate, Freddy, the young man in the case, said little. He was heard to mutter in his cups, however, words to the effect that if he ever married again it would not be to a professional snapper.

Fully recovered from the shock of matrimony, he has been repeatedly linked with a succession of

plush-lined starlets. None of whom has been able to lead, push or force him to the altar.

It is a basic truth of man-woman relationships that anyone who can be happy only in highly sexual bedfellowship with a member of the opposite gender should avoid matrimony like the bubonic plague until the years of high-potency lie behind.

Marriage is check-mate to a relationship based on sex, even when children are avoided, or impossible, even where business, household and financial evasions do not run away the fine motto of physical, mutual joy.

There is a deep truth hidden in the mildly risqué old story about the reprobate newswoman who informed their doctor they wanted some method of keeping some less complicated than hanging a bullet-marker over their bed.

The physician, a canny and sag-



TED REAGON

"I sure hope you're not like this on our honeymoon."

old soul, suggested with a twinkle in his eye that they put a couple of two-quant ones on their night-table, one full of coffee beans, the other empty. Then, each time they made love, one of them could drop a bean into the empty jar.

Within a few months, the young husband called up and said, "Doc, we've filled the empty jar up. What do we do now?"

"Oh," replied the physician, "just repeat the process in reverse."

Three years later, when paying them a house-call, the wise old doctor noted without comment that each jar was only half full and that they had been sneezed on a shelf.

Such is the almost inevitable effect of marriage upon sex, even when no professional expert is involved.

When one is — look out. Difficulties for the husband is apt to be shattering, unless he knows the score and is wholly willing to face the consequences of matrimony with some latter-day Jean Harlow.

In the case of the classic platinum blonde, whose levels of society and education run far higher than those of most of her love-goddess ilk, the demotivated youthful first marriage for the sake of a career, drove a mature second mate to suicide and was emulated by William Powell when she died, while still in her twenties.

Or take Marilyn Monroe. When she took that overbite couple of years back, everyone left sorry for her. But nobody, either then or later, wants to have shed a tear over the plight of the trio of husbands she ran through in her determination to be a success — young Douglas, dear, gifted Arthur Miller or why, really embarrassed Joe DiMaggio.

Or what about the mates that somewhat less youthful erotic divas, Rita Hayworth left screen in, her wife? Surely one or two of them, from Ed Jackson, through Chas. Willson, the Ali Khan, Dick Simpson and the others, must have a shattering story to tell.

What about the shredded husbandly discards of Lana, or Lili, or Lynn? Tabulah, no mean intermis-

sional sex-arrange herself in her day, showed more wisdom, avoiding the multimillion elephant trap for a number of frantic and fun-filled decades.

When the finally let actor John Emory lead her to the altar, the domestic battles that raged from Hollywood to New York's Hotel Elysée left in the surrounding atmosphere the acrid aroma of charred coals that follows only the farcical of shandalarage.

Emory, it appeared, had not only looks and style but character as well — and, being an actor, he knew the ropes as well as his bride.

But he flew the coop within a matter of months, crafting lead roles of having been trapped in a husband's cage. Not being a total effect, he never went back for more, despite the fact that Miss Bankhead has been, for some 45 years, one of the most fascinating females alive.

Also, one of the sexiest.

Yet, many a living sex-goddess has proved a loving leechmate to one of her worshippers over long periods of years — but only as long as neither nor both of them committed the heinous crime of matrimony.

At least, not to each other.

Even the wisest, most sophisticated male, is bound in time or at moments to find himself conscious of the fact that every male who comes within a mile of his spouse immediately goes into the weaving and bobbing movements of the mating dance. If he doesn't simply go goggle-eyed and commence drooling.

Then, of course, there are other drawbacks to marriage to a sexpot. If she's an amateur, she's going to have to test her wangs every so often on some man other than her husband. If she's a pro, the panting groins will be lucky to get a chance once a week.

Even a honeymoon with such a sweet partner brings on problems — most of them people — not to be found in non-professional nuptials. Remember, when Joe and Marilyn got married and decided to honeymoon on a trip to Japan, where he was engaged to tour with

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(continued on page 43)

RUN- THROUGH FOR TWO





"Age-Through," in the language of the theater, has a very different meaning than it does in the parlance of fornicating. Jooji and Rita won't about to thrust swords through one another—they're in the midst of rehearsing a play. The girls are carrying on like brain-thugger troupers, even though they're faced with a horrendous problem.





These two are members of a New York amateur theater group, and they're rehearsing for the premier of a new play. It's a difficult, avant-garde piece for three characters, and the girls have put a lot of work into it. However, their leading man is not quite as ambitious as they are. He's already missed nearly half of the rehearsals. As a result, Joni has had to play his part as well as her own during run-throughs. "It's a very thingy to keep up," says Joni. "Jumping back and forth between bass and soprano voices can wear out your vocal cords. It's also very confusing." Ilya agrees with this, and they're both hoping the guy will show up soon. They shouldn't be too hard on him. Any man who misses a date with these girls must have a dam good reason.



(continued from page 11)

The Secret Memoirs of an Improper Victorian



Introduction by Henry E. Hunt, Ph.D.

Because the anonymous author's pathosous instructions to destroy his memoirs earned him dogeared, hideouts were provided with an amusing and valuable sociological and psychological document that reveals the secret sex life of 19th century England as candidly as a Kinsey Report — in simpler language.

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was having an affair with someone. She is always having an affair with someone, as you will find out for yourself, if you marry her. Am I correct in assuming that you two think fancy yourselves to be in love? Or at least that you do?"

"We are very deeply in love, *s'vies*," said D'Arcy in an injured tone. The look on his handsome face showed that he meant it. His fine, dark, wide-spaced eyes were intent. "Would I kill over an infatuation?"

"Would either of you know the difference?" said Poincare apologetically. "Well, if so, I am indeed surprised. I thought Marie had better taste. You are good-looking enough, and probably a beauty in the bedroom — but Marie usually prefers artists, writers, or young noblemen." He frowned as D'Arcy again moved the locomotive along the tracks. "Please stop handling my train, if you don't mind! Until you kill me, damn it, you are still my brother! These trains are very delicate. That particular locomotive was specially built for me, and cost fifteen-thousand francs! Every rivet in it is real!"

"You talk lovely for a man about to die," said D'Arcy. But he took his hand off the locomotive.

"If I'm about to die," Poincare shrugged, "I will talk as lovely as I please."

He shifted his bulky form in his seat, and regarded the complicated switchboard in front of him. The switchboard was cabled with dozens of toggles, dials, knife-switches, gauges and meters. It was the central control-board for his electric-train layout, which was the largest and most expensive in all France, possibly in Europe. The train-layout was located in the basement of Poincare's mansion, where the two men now were.

The layout was spread out over an enormous water-level platform, fifty by a hundred feet — nearly an eighth of an acre. It included, along its 1700 feet of tracks, two dozen stations, an entire small town, farms, bridges, mountains with tunnels through, a river which flowed with real water to a four-foot waterfall, highways with cars that moved

along, two huge freightyards, three arcades, over sixty trains of varying types, and a jettison that curled overhead at the peak of a trolley. Everything was complete with sound-effects, from a hidden hi-fi.

Fluorescent lamps glowed softly overhead. Facing the magnificent set-up were chairs and divans and a small bar. The walls over the train-layout were painted to simulate distant mountains and sky. Part of the sky was cloudy, and Poincare, at the touch of a button, could bring rain upon that portion of hills — a misty rain of non-ferrous alcohol. The rest of the room's walls were paneled in warm mahogany. The room was most comfortable, and Poincare often entertained friends there — those who were as fascinated by his wonderful toy as he was.

"Detective Inspector Hearn Clouston," murmured Poincare. He touched a switch, and, sixty feet away from him, a freight-train perked into motion.

"Eh?" said D'Arcy.

"My friend, Clouston," Poincare said. "He will be the one to investigate my murder, of course. He will ask for the case. He will probably weep. Poor Clouston — for forty years we have been such friends! I have left my trains to him in my will, you know. He loves them as I do, and is as expert with them."

"Fine," said D'Arcy. "Marie and I shall be happy to deliver the only things to him."

"He will work and work to find my killer," said Poincare. "He is formidable. For your sake, that gun had better not be traceable — and I advise you to throw it far into the sea!"

"Ah, but no!" smiled D'Arcy. "He will not look for my killer, because your death will be a tragic accident! Did you really think I planned to shoot you?"

"What, then?" said Poincare, looking up in interest. He was playing with the controls on his switchboard. Seven trains were in motion now — two freights, five passengers. A large panel with colored lights was mounted on the wall above the switchboard. Some of the white lights were moving, indicating

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board for a moment, then swung to face them. His face looked weary.

"You're innocent," said Marie. She laughed. "To think of your damned train, or such a tree!"

"I was innocent," said Poirot, "to have named you." He shifted in his chair. "Electrocution is an unpleasant way to die, D'Arcy. I shall not do so willingly. So?" And he launched himself from the chair, in a desperate attack upon the man with the gun.

D'Arcy didn't shoot. He dropped the gun, and resumed the attack with special arms. Poirot was powerfully built, but old. D'Arcy was young, and as powerful. He chopped one blow into Poirot's middle, where it probably wouldn't show. Then he held the jumping older man easily.

Marie sat down at the switchboard. She pushed a button, and a train moved. It was not one of the trains which her husband had been moving about. The train went up one side of the long, five-foot-high hill. It came down the other side, and crashed in a heap against the bridge.

Marie put on the insulated gloves which Poirot kept for working on hot systems. She picked up one of the tangled cars, and leaned it against the bridge. She placed another car on top of it, so that one end touched the 220 line. There was a pop and a spark! and 220 entered the train system. Smoke rose here and there in tiny coils, from burned-out gadgets. Insulation stank.

D'Arcy pushed Poirot across the nearest track, making sure to miss him before he hit.

A blinding blue light, and another snarl filled the room.

Detective Inspector Henri Clouset looked at the train-legend of his dead friend, in the basement of Poirot's mansion. Clouset was a dapper, graying man in Hamburg and trenchcoat. His eyes were greenish-brown. He nodded, and said, "Clever. Very clever! An almost perfect murder!" He turned to D'Arcy, who stood nearby. There were other detectives in the huge room, and a police photographer. Poirot's body lay under a blanket.

"You never," said Clouset to D'Arcy, face twisting. "You are under arrest!"

D'Arcy had sagged in his tracks at the word *arrest*. Now he gaped, "Arrest, m'm'm? Murder? I —?"

"What are you saying?" said Marie. Poirot shook his head. His wide, light-colored blue eyes looked from D'Arcy to the Inspector, and back again.

"Ah," said Clouset disgustedly. "La femme. Madame, you are also under arrest. You should not have looked at your husband so heavily, but at your poor dead husband!"

"You can never prove!" the moaned.

"Shut up!" D'Arcy shouted to her.

"Prove!" asked Clouset loudly. "Come, now. If one of you doesn't break under questioning, the other will. For I know that you killed him. The moment will come — today, tonight, tomorrow — when you cannot look me in the eye and deny it." He turned to the photographer and said: "Jacques — get a chair, and take a high-angle shot of those trains; those eight trains lined up close to the main road, behind and to the rear of the switchboard."

"Eh?" said Jacques, peering to bewilderment out over the extensive layout.

"Those," said Clouset patiently, pointing. He turned back to D'Arcy and Marie. "Your husband loved his trains, Madame," he said to her. "Why should he leave them in such seamy array? It is ugly, disorderly, and even dangerous — if one were to start the wrong train, there would be risk of collision. No, no — your husband would not have left them like that, ordinarily. I saw it the moment I entered."

Jacques was using a Polaroid camera. Now he gave the Inspector the print.

Clouset offered the photo to the gaze of D'Arcy and Marie. "I saw the truth," he said.

D'Arcy smiled and Marie sobbed. Seen from above, the trains spelled —

D'AR

or unknowns of waiting the moment is shrugged off as just that—an incident.

But let him repeat this delightful experience, and both lover and beloved are equally deep in the mortification of being involved in an acknowledged affair. The ardent male is saddled with all sorts of responsibility as his mistress's lover of title, and is expected to charm, care for, and be faithful to her, despite her marital vows to another man.

He may even have to fight a duel with the husband, although this is most unlikely—hubby is more apt to be grateful to him for taking his wife off his hands, thus leaving him free to pursue the wiles of other husbands.

The attitude toward unmarried girls in Italy, especially virgins, is much less casual. Let a hapless lad bed such an untested virgin, and he may well find himself playing the unhappy title role in a drama called *The Assistant*.

In France, where marriages are customarily arranged as property deals between parents, the husband is expected only to father his wife's children and maintain the home. Otherwise, he is free to roam romantically with the wives of his friends, or to take a mistress from the willing ranks of those millions of young women whose lack of a dowry vir-

tuously precludes their ever getting married.

More than one American guest in French homes has been startled to hear a respectable husband's wife and daughters approach him openly for neglecting his mistress in favor of other women, or for treating her shabbily in the matter of support.

In well-bred Spanish or Latin American circles, where strict chaperonage of all unmarried young women is a custom brought down from the time of Moorish occupation of most of the Iberian Peninsula, anything goes the moment the *dama*, or chaperone, steps out of the room.

As an American who accompanied a handsome young Spaniard on a visit to a shapely, blue-eyed aristocrat not long ago, was flabbergasted when, the elderly *dama* having been forced to visit the powder room, his friend and the girl leapt at each other like a pair of loose-crazed panthers, and made violent love right in front of him!

Unembarrassed, the girl explained, as she rearranged her clothing after this happy event: "You must excuse us. You see, it's the only chance we get." A sigh, then, "I can't wait until we are married."

The American thought he understood and said so, but was informed by his friend as they walked home, that his fiancée was not anxious to be wed merely to have freedom to co-

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Charles Chapman, in 1944, was charged with violation of the Mann Act and with conspiracy. He is shown with his attorney, the late Jerry Gelber, who was known for his defiance of many outside stars. This was one of Gelber's rare court losses.

Even today, many citizens battle the resulting bikini as if it came special delivery direct from Gehenna, and fight with the fury of drunk-card burners against removal of fig-leaves from the classic parades of antique statues in our museums.

That doctrine, repulsive toward female enjoyment of sex and still deeply implanted in our social consciousness, is evidenced by the tidal wave of frustrated females who swamp psychiatrists in an effort to attain freedom from the sexual fog-sky from which they suffer as a result of being brainwashed in childhood, by this reeky doctrine.

In speaking out against such restrictions and taboos, the Reverend Dr. Wood undoubtedly felt he was helping his sexually-ready audience of young women to rid themselves of emotional hobbies, carefully applied by conservative parents. But to tell the girls that rules and laws do not exist was like trying to avoid the growing menace of an aggressive Red China by pretending it isn't there.

National oddities of sexual custom and behavior are not confined to these United States, of course. In Italy, for example, if a man has a single affair with an attractive and

joy unrestricted sexual congress with her husband, but to have affairs with other men.

Nat was there visible any trace of the traditional terse Spanish possessive jealousy. "After all, I play around and expect to continue after marriage. Why should I deny such enjoyment to the woman I love?"

His only fear was that his sheltered bride-to-be might despise him at some future time via a liaison with someone socially beneath them.

"In that case, of course, I should have to kill him," he said matter-of-factly. "A matter of honor. But I do not believe my Carla would ever bring me such ignominy. She loves me too much."

As for Dr. Wood's generous granting of freedom to any homosexual or abnormal impulses on the part of his attentive audience, long again he appears to have been playing the proverbial can before the horse.

Nat only does the law frown on homosexuality in America and reward offenders with jail sentences, but it still spends millions of dollars of its taxpayers' money in efforts to suppress development and discussion of homosexuality in literature, art or even in the newspapers.

As for autosensuality, well, millions of our young folk are still afflicted with guilt over this unavoidable and harmless form of emotional release.

Accompanying this guilt is fear, usually assuaged by parents or schoolmates who mistakenly believe that the practice of what is still called "self-abuse," will cause adding of the brim to the point of downright insanity, or at least bring about impotence in the males who indulge.

As if the above booby traps in the path of Dr. Wood's announced sexual freedom were not enough, there remain the intricate and generally nasty little legal mazes of statutory rape and paternity suits.

In the latter, a California court held cartoonist Charlie Chaplin guilty of inducing Joan Barry's child out of wedlock, even though scientifically administered blood tests proved he could not possibly have been the male responsible.

Nat was Chaplin the only victim of such judicial malpractice. Hundreds of thousands, if not millions, of American males are paying court-ordered support payments for infants with whose conception they had nothing whatever to do.

Virtually all Americans whose memories reach back before World War Two recall the disastrous publicity taffered by romantic screen-star Errol Flynn, when he learned after the event that the cute studio choice he had seduced on his own yacht during a watery weekend off Catalina, was only 14 years of age.

He really bent the rap on the grounds that he had no way of knowing her to be under the legal age limit of 18 and that she had given him no indication of her youth. But it cost him a fortune to beat the rap, and how many of us can command the kind of money Flynn could, to defeat the statutory rape charges of a pert and pretty (and physically very mature) girl and her lawyers.

The shock reaction that greeted the publication of Vladimir Nabokov's *Invitation of a Beheading*, in 1958, and which added hugely in that excellent novel's enormous sales, reveals that, despite the



Errol Flynn shown during the office of the Grand Jury, during preliminary investigation of the sexual charges.



The Humbert-Humbert screen hero looks, the late Errol Flynn, is shown with defense counsel (Jerry Chandler at the left) when not out, but two young girls charged incest, while on a cruise on Flynn's yacht. A jury didn't believe the two girls.

Kinsey Reports and the fact that thousands of American girls get married at the age of 14 or less (how many others indulge in cohabitation without church or legal sanction is, of course, unknown), the American social attitude toward such goings on remains more.

This, despite the fact that Nabokov's 13-year-old heroine had already been deflowered by a previous youth of her own age-band, before two Humbert Humbert ever laid a hand on her!

Undoubtedly Dr. Wood's motives were of the noblest when he told his charges that they were free to make their own rules in matters of sex—but where do you suppose he has been living for 4, those 33 years?

In Baltimore, or Utopia? ***

1000

BRANDON HOUSE PAPERBACK BOOKS THAT ARE BEST SELLERS



1979

1980



1979

1980



1980

1979



1987

1987



1984

1986



1984

1986

1226	CAROLAN BRIDGES	Novel	75c	1125	THE BODILY FORM AND ITS	Novel	75c	1027	THE 12 PLAINS OF WISDOM	Novel	75c
1227	THE MURDERERS OF MORDO	Novel	75c	1126	SEXUAL EXPERIENCE AND THE	Novel	75c	1028	A VERY FORTUNATE WOMAN	Novel	75c
1228	OUR OWN CHOICE	Novel	75c	1127	THE HUSBAND'S EMBROIDER	Novel	75c	1029	THE SECRET EMBROIDER	Novel	75c
1229	THE END OF THE ROAD	Novel	75c	1128	THE WILDLY BEING	Novel	75c	1030	THE AMOROUS OF INDIAN	Novel	75c
1230	THE SUNNY DAY LAUREL	Novel	75c	1129	COME BACK FOR MORE	Novel	75c	1031	EROTIC PORTRAIT	Novel	75c
1231	PARTY HARD	Novel	75c	1130	TOMORROW IS NEVER	Novel	75c	1032	THE SECRET FOR A CHANGE	Novel	75c
1232	A WIFE FOR THE THUNDER	Novel	75c	1131	STANLEY SPIN	Novel	75c	1033	THE SECRET FOR A CHANGE	Novel	75c
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a group of big-league ballplayers?

Hardly had their plane set down in Tokyo than Joe's bride was commended by the armed forces to tour the G.I. bases in Korea. The weather turned cold, and there was Marilyn performing a half dozen times a day, out in the open in an evening gown not to reveal a lot more Marilyn than it covered.

She came down with a terrible cold, naturally, and this highly touted marriage was off to a rocky start from which it never recovered.

Even without G.I. bases to appear at, even without the demands of the press, of local theater managers, whenever the couple goes, of various businessmen and operators seeking to cash in on the star-bride's publicity, things are rough all over.

There used to be a perhaps apocryphal anecdote around Hol-

lywood about the lovely young star who married a non-professional. Everything was coming up roses save for one little trick that bothered the groom. Finally, on their fifth night of bliss, he said, "Sweetie, why do you throw that damned pillow under the bed every night before we turn in?"

"Oh!" she replied, looking mildly surprised at his asking such a question, "That's for Hyman."

Hyman, of course, was Hyman Fink, perhaps the film capital's most successful photographer of its actors and actresses in their off-guard moments.

As *Freddie* of our opening (and non-Apocryphal) anecdote discovered the hard way, marriage to a love-goddess takes probably more patience, understanding, good-humor and you-want-it than mere mortal man can provide.

In short, it's sea-sick. ♦ ♦ ♦



"I don't know but I think he could something about a outside note."

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Gleason is an avid golfer, and devotes the same concentration to his hobby as he does to putting together his television productions.

(Continued from Page 23)

He never relaxes. His superstitious notions won't let him ever take a secondary spot. He won a Tony award for *Take Me Along* on Broadway, followed with a superb performance in *The Hustler*, as pool-shoot Minnesota Fats, as such "hot company" as Paul Newman and George C. Scott. Then he wrote the original story and music, and starred in *Gypsy* and followed with a convincing role as a scared, money-grabbing fight manager in *Requiem For A Heavyweight*.

"I'm so hot, they all love me and want me," he gloated. "That's show

biz." He was in demand, no doubt about it, but it begged his ego to think that 30 million Saturday night viewers were missing The Great Jackie, so he went back on weekly. He took out 11 full-page ads in N.Y. papers and trade journals, proclaiming that he was back, in all his 365-pound glory. He made a personal tour in a private railroad car, from L.A. to New York.

He pulled every publicity stunt (tinged with viciousness) such as having the nudist, Johnny Morris, light his cigarette, then bragging he was the only man alive with a hu-

man cigarette lighter. He arranged to appear at the Pittsburgh Pirates game, in comic get-up, was allowed to hit one for a single, then passed at the then-in-a-dump Pirates. "That's called a hit, in case you've forgotten."

One of the Pirates, a betting stir, exclaimed, "That fat son-of-a-bitch—I gotta belt him," but was restrained.

Gleason made the big switch, show and all, to Miami Beach, where he can play golf and bask all year round, and not suffer his usual colds and sinus troubles. He is King

Toots Shor, who knows Glendon better than anyone else does, says, "We get 'em all, from Doro Merande to Sinatra—the big ones—but Jackie's in a class by himself. He thinks he's number one—in everything. And he didn't get it from success—he was always that way. One thing—Jack still runs with the same crowd, though—only now, he pays his bills and theirs—" Shor bailed Jackie out many times, financially, and likes to tell that when Jack asked for a loan, he epigrammatically refused to state the purpose for it, "If you ask me any more, I won't even take the grand," he once laughingly told Toots. He once ordered champagne for everyone at Shor's, charged it, then borrowed cab fare from Toots, to get home.

Glendon used to defend his drinking title against all comers, but one night, in Shor's, he fell on his face, and Toots wouldn't let anyone help him up. Since then, Jackie has relinquished the title, is public any-how. Since he is a public figure, and the network doesn't look kindly on stars about his on-camera drinking, Jackie dodges questions about his drinking. He can drink, make no mistake. And he does. But he is not just "a fat drink," as David Merrick, top producer (and many) label him. Dave Siskind, who produced *Requiem*, says that Glendon can hold more hard liquor, per hour, than any man alive. Glendon admits to a fifth of scotch in an afternoon, which is better than par for solid drinkers.

When asked the question point-blank, Glendon says in all seriousness, "I drink more than they say (he old system again). I don't drink, though, to get over worries, or think up gags. I drink with the exclusive intention of getting begged. I'm a close drinker—never drink from a dirty glass."

He has been going steady with an ex-theatrical, Honey Merrill, for almost nine years, but cannot hope for marriage, for his religion will not allow Jackie to accept the divorce idea. He is always surrounded by happy, lovely girls. And, he is devoted to his two grown daughters.



Comer, singer, dancer, Jerry Lewis, with son Gary, Jerry, offspring, has image of the happy father-son duo. He too has gaudy eyes.

On the set, it is always "Glendon's way." He is a martinet, and brooks not the slightest suggestion from anyone. If a skit displeases him, the writer can expect to be quickly dumped within a day. He criticizes and instructs the Jane Taylor dancers unmercifully, for none is stockings (even at rehearsals), and a martinet can mean dismissal. He picks on the band ("the clarinet is getting too much in the act.") and he justifies it all by saying, "The action will be looking in, and if my nose is on it, it's going to be perfect."

He usually refuses to rehearse his

part. He says he does not wish to "wear it out," and merely gives manager music instructions. He often keeps the cast at rehearsals or filming, until midnight but most of the time, the hardest working man around is Jackie Glendon. A doctor is always standing in the wings, and is often needed, with oxygen or pills. Yet in the conclusion, Glendon heads for a bar next door. At this bar, *The Cordell*, the juke box is loaded with Jackie Glendon music, and he drinks scotch by the Satchel.

He has a 12-room residence at the
(continued on page 72)



WAIKIKI WITCHCRAFT



When the strip club craze spread to our 50th state, Hawaii, it was a cinch that they would like Adèle Branan. This trim little bundle of energy had already shown the popularity of her Hawaiian routines in some of the biggest clubs in the country. It worked fine, because she had always wanted to see Hawaii, and an agent helped.



Adelle adjusts her dance tempo to the music; this ranges from the slow, languid Hawaiian love songs to the frantic, exciting war dances performed to the quick beat of native drums. Adelle is from Detroit, Michigan, and had one of cracking Broadway musicals with her skill as a dancer. Failing that, she settled for the night clubs, where she has had much success, and where she is constantly in demand. One day, Hawaiian audiences will like her as much as Adelle is looking forward to being there.





THE GUILTY INNOCENTS (continued from page 25)

or, none of them landing. And without the confinement of a ring, he back-pedaled, leading Kimron as a maddox leads a bull.

With each missed punch, Kimron became even more angry. Mike added to it by carefully timed shots at the head and body. They were light but stinging blows.

Then, inevitably, it happened. Kimron caught him with a left to the shoulder that spun him halfway around. It was followed by a right to the ribs that felt like a lightning run. The left landed at Mike again and caught him high on the forehead, snapping his head back, causing a flare of red that was the brink of unconsciousness. Knowing that to clutch with this man was suicide, Mike crouched and back-pedaled instead. Kimron, trying to follow up, came in swinging and wide open.

Mike leaned into the hardest punch he'd ever thrown to a man's gut. Kimron gasped and started to double over. Mike fired an apparent that hit solidly on the chin. Kimron staggered Mike here in with hard lefts and rights hitting in punching bag rhythm, each of them taking its toll. He opened a cut over the right eye, then smashed in some teeth and finally broke Kimron's nose.

Blubbering, he then smashed up a bloody pulp, the big kid backed away. "No, no—don't hit me no more please don't hit me, don't hit me!" He fell against a tree sobbing.

Marcy walked over to them. Her face mirrored her disillusionment.

"I give you your here," Mike said, gesturing toward Kimron with an open hand.

Kimron, recovering, ran wild-eyed toward Marcy. "Give me the gun! I'll let him! I'll blast his rotten guts out!"

Marcy stared at him and Mike thought for a second she was going to stand there until Kimron got the gun. Instead, she whirled around and ran toward the cliff. Before Kimron caught her, she stopped. With a long sweep of her arm, she sent the gun tearing out into the night. It hit the brink of the cliff and cartwheeled over.

"The gun!" Kimron bellowed. "You threw it away!" He lunged at the girl and got her in his long arms. They fell to the ground. One of his hands went to her throat and the taloned fingers were closing before Mike could reach them.

He grabbed up a rock and clubbed Kimron with it.

He roled the unconscious bloody ball off the girl and tied her up with rope he found in one of the stacks.

Kimron screamed and roared like a maniac.

"Thanks for getting rid of the gun," Mike said.

"Forget it," she said softly, without spirit.

"I gather you don't love him any more."

"Well, you said it. I can't, not after seeing what he is."

"That's good."

She looked at Mike. "You did it because of me, didn't you?"

He nodded.

"Thanks," she said. "Mike, what else can I say—except that I've been an idiot?"

"That's plenty."

"I guess I've grown up."

"Yes, Marcy, you have."

"What happens to me now, Mike? Where do I go from here?"

She was a scared little girl looking for help. "If I were you, I'd stay right here."

"What about you?"

He shrugged. "I wish I could. If it's all right with you, I'd like to take the Lincoln and make a run for it."

"Take me with you, Mike." Her eyes were bright with sudden enthusiasm.

"I thought you said you'd grown up."

"Oh," she said, and looked as though she regretted it. "I guess you're right. Well, will you tell the police to come pick us up?"

"I won't have to do that. They'll be here soon."

"How do you know?"

"I just do." He bowed her forehead, then hurried toward the Lincoln.

As he drove away from Crawford's Crossing, he knew he'd remember Marcy as long as he lived. ■■■

Park Sheraton, in N.Y., and an office on W. 37th St., and he is apt to show up at any of them at any time.

Like the title of his best movie, Jackie Gleason is, and has always been, "The Hummer." He's a roughneck from Brooklyn, whose old man just walked out, after Jackie's older brother died. When he was 16, his mother died. Jack finished public school, then began hustling in pool halls (he is still an excellent pool player), became a bouncer (he always was big), and then began appearing in carnivals and burlesque shows, as well as some tough roles.

At 17, he was earning \$18 a week as a comic at the Miami Club, a rough nightclub in Newark, N.J. In 1940, he got his first big break at the basement club called Jack Wynn's Club 30, where it caught on, and became a celebrity hangout.

Jackie was the "mud" type comic. Like Jack E. Leonard, he became a master of, using such jokes as the A woman who went to the restroom would be greeted on her return with, "Could you hear me in there?" The woman usually would say indignantly, "No—and I didn't miss you." "Well," Gleason would leer, "We are an hall could hear you!"

Jack L. Warner, of movie fame, thought Jackie was funny, and signed him. However, Warner is someone for his mistakes, and Hollywood didn't (and still does not) think Gleason funny. He has a lot of movie credits, yet few can name you any of his pictures. Even Gleason admits he didn't do anything to or for Hollywood. So he went back to New York, ran up bills and lived by his wit, until 1948.

He broke into TV with "Casualty of Stars," as Reggie Van Gleason, Joe The Bartender, and the eventual jacket character—Ralph Cranford, the bus driver. The latter character, with the help of Art Carney and Audrey Meadows, catapulted him into a "Jackie Gleason Show" in 1952. Buick once spent \$11 million dollars to sponsor a half-hour show, and by 1957, Gleason was "big business," and was signed by CBS to an unbelievable contract running through 1973.

Gleason has always been a real showman. He has been in the bus-

ness from sleazy hole-in-the-wall joints, to movie starlets and he knew he couldn't coast on the corn-balls, old jokes he had been getting away with—nor the comedy situations, which had worn thin. He wisely selected his "Honeycreamer" as the best bet, and in 1958, he sold his series to 108 stations. (It is still running, and still has a good rating.)

Gleason didn't have a regular program now, so he turned to serious dramatics, unafraid, confident. He did a considerable job in a TV spe-

Merrick's reaction was dynamic, and pointed. "I have to carry bubble gum—run a nursery school for that big drunk, so he can have his own way, or he'll pull that 'vick' routine on me. He—uh? He takes a shower, then sits in front of a fan, so he can justify his shaving ways." But Jackie won, and earned the lifelong enmity of Broadway's most successful producer. He also takes the unqualified domination of many a minor Broadway stage figure, from chorus girls to wardrobe workers.

From the other side—like the Paramount Studio people, who state categorically that, if Hollywood could get a few more Jackie Gleasons, it wouldn't be in the trouble it is. Jackie came out to do *Paper's Delicate Condition*, took his egoism and idiosyncrasies and temperament to New York, evidently, for he finished the picture a week ahead of time—a considerable savings at going Hollywood costs. Detectors, like David Merrick, point out that Gleason will always behave, when the cameras are



New York Duo Jackie, Jack Egan, shown with two long-time top earners, Joe E. Lewis, right club head, and "Mister Television," Milton Berle.

cial of *Sweeney's The Time of Your Life*, and was better, badly by the "Oscar bag," promising launch he would win an Oscar and an Emmy and a Tony, as it was "vamp, for a run with my talent."

David Merrick signed Gleason, and here was a match Merrick has an eye to match Gleason's, and though he paid Jackie \$3000 a week to portray the drunken reporter in *Tell Me About*, Gleason instead on a \$50 a week rate—so he could be all-time top salaried man on Broadway! He also equalled the top salary ever—Ethel Merman in *Gypsy*! Gleason had to be "Number One," as he explains it.

But—as they say on Broadway—you can't knock success, and that Jackie Gleason is a success, with a capital S—(for S O B, some practitioners) is undeniable.

Variety, the "bible" of show business, ran an article that pointed out that only mediocre fading stars, (like George Jessel, who is more harrier than Gleason, and will appear for money, marble, or chalk) would consent to appear with Gleason, at any price. Then, it went on to say, Gleason has now turned to the "discovery lot"—discovering "future stars" who are relative unknowns.

You can get a lot of arguments

pointed at him, a major part of the time.

But even his best friends say that it is hard to tell the real Gleason. Most of them feel that he likes the stage he now owns—successful, half-har-leather comedian, actor, musician. It is a hell of a lot better than the one they say he is trying to drown out at home—the unknown orphan, reduced to hustling pool games, to eat. And a few of them say that, maybe—just maybe, mind you—Jackie Gleason at the top man in all the fields that he knows he is.

Like Broadway always says, "If you can't say something nice about a guy, say something nasty."

SWINGING WITH AN EVENING STAR



Does Bonnie ever get tired of dancing so much? "Never," she smiles. "It's about the only thing on this earth that I don't get tired of. I've been dancing since I was a little girl back in Des Moines. If it were up to me, that's all I would do." Bonnie has won several contests and last year she got two "grand and glorious" weeks in Las Vegas as a result of winning first place in a dance contest. You know what she did there? "Well, I didn't do any gambling, that's for sure. All I did was dance the Hula, ma'am!"



A darling of the discotheques, is scintillating Bonnie Starr, a girl who starts to swing on the dance floor along about the wifthing hour! Bonnie's a bug about dancing and would much prefer that even to eating!



The trouble is, Bonnie works a gig with word hours. Like she would rather start her dance-a-mania bet around 8, but her job as a telephone operator keeps her at the switchboard until 11. She just has time to dash home, get into her dancing shoes and make the scene at the discotheque at midnight.

"This is like *Cinderella* in reverse," says Bonnie.

But she's philosophical about it, anyway. "At

least I get two solid hours of dancing in each night," she says. But for a girl who digs this beat it's handy enough. Yet Bonnie thanks her lucky stars she has two days off. "And one of them is Saturday night," she crows with glee. "And that's the best night of all in the week!"



